# The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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For the Myrtle.

## Baby's If.

INQUIRED a miss with busy tongue,
"Do you not wish that you were young?"
Ere I could make reply,
Up from his play my baby sprung,
Around my neck his wee arms clung,
And much I wondered why.

The tears came coursing down his cheek;
Till, calmed his grief enough to speak —
A word, then sob again:
"I'd like to wonder where I'd sit:
I s'ouldn't like it, *not a bit!*
I s'ouldn't know you *then!*"

Not know mamma if — Baby dear,
That "if" can never enter enter here:
Old Time will not turn back.
But useless "ifs" are very bad
To make good peop'e feel so sad: —
Let's sweep them from our track.

*H. H. D.*

——ooo——

For the Myrtle.

## The Sabbath.

How sweet is the sound of the church bell,
As it calls us all into the church,
So deep and so clear as its tones are —
That it seems that our heart it would search.

The birds seem to know the good day too,
As they warble away all the time,
And in with the sweetest of music
Their own dear little songs they will chime.

And through the wood's shady paths going,
All the birds in the forest will sing,
And as they fly round in the tree-tops
All our thoughts up to heaven will wing.

So calm is the day that is best, then,
And the hours pass away far too soon.
The bells then may ring, and the birds sing,
Till the sun gives its place to the moon.

*E. C. L. W., aged 10 years.*

For the Myrtle.

## What the Ants Do.

"GO to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." This is what the ancient wise man said, as we read his language in the Bible.

The ant is a little insect, but a lively one. It is one of the most industrious of the insect tribe, if perhaps we may except the bee. This is why the sluggard is told to go to her, and study and imitate her ways; and what these ways are, he tells us. "Which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." A provident creature, truly, just as man should be.

The ants have always busy homes and neighborhoods. Wherever you go among them you find a stir. Each one has something to do, and all of them seem working to a common end. In

the bright summer hours they are storing away food for the long and cold winter season.

The ant teaches us not only the lesson of industry, but of mutual help. Madame Merian, in speaking of the large-headed ant of Surinam, affirms, that if they wish to emigrate, they will construct a living bridge in this manner: — one ant first fixes itself to a piece of wood by its jaws, and remains stationary; with this a second connects itself; a third takes hold of the second, a fourth on the third, and so on, till a long connected chain is formed and fastened at one extremity, which floats exposed to the wind or current, till the other end is wafted over, so as to fix itself on the opposite side of the stream, when the rest of the colony pass over it as over a bridge. The ants are ready to share with their absent companions any good thing they may meet with. Those that go abroad feed those that remain in the nest; and if they discover any stock of favorite food, they inform the whole community, and teach them the way to it. A certain naturalist informs us that for a particular reason he produced heat by means of a flambeau, in a certain place he had prepared for experiments, out of doors. The ants happening to be in that quarter, after enjoying it for some time, hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their families and neighbors, whom they even carried suspended upon their jaws (their usual way of conveying each other) to the spot, till hundreds might be seen thus laden with their friends. He who saw this drew the good lesson from it, that men should learn to be better helpers of each other; should be more desirous of having others share in the blessings which they enjoy.

The ant teaches us also a lesson of perseverance in every good undertaking, in every duty that calls us. To show what great lessons may be contained in little incidents, I will mention an account given by Dr. J. K. Johnson, of the perseverance of one of these insects of which we are speaking. At the entrance of a nest of red ants — a very small species — he placed a large house-fly. Several ants came out from time to time to examine it. To his surprise, a solitary ant attempted the removal of so large a body. It caught hold of one of its wings forcibly by its pincers, and exerted all its strength to drag it along. This it did with ease where the ground was not uneven; but on meeting any obstruction, and finding the dragging system uselss, it quitted its post for the opposite station, and overcame the resistance by pushing. In this way it removed the fly to a considerable distance. A greater difficuty soon appeared. The courage of the ant, however, did not fail. He continued to push first at one part of the body and then at another. Finding his efforts useless, at last he seized the fly in his mouth, and by a sudden jerk, lifted it from the ground, and thus overcame the trouble. What a lesson to us, young and old, that we be not discouraged in any good work because difficulties are in the way; but to toil on, assured that our repeated efforts, if we only have a good strong will, shall yet be crowned with success.

The ingenuity and sagacity displayed by ants are so surprising, that the Mohammedans have assigned them a place in their heaven. They say that one of the animals in Paradise is Solomon's ant, which when all the creatures in obedience to him, brought him presents, dragged before him a locust, and was therefore preferred above all others because it had brought a creature so much bigger than itself. The tradition serves to show the contrast between the tiny insect and the feats which it can accompiish. The ant carrying a locust, as if a child should drag an elephant.

Think, then, young reader, of these lessons given you by the patient, toiling, persevering little ant. "Consider her ways and be wise."

*J. G. A.*

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For the Myrtle.

## Only a Baby's Funeral.

Only a baby's funeral. Ah me! only a baby's funeral. Do you know, O careless passer-by, the woefu'ness in that simple sentence? You see the gathered friends, the father grave and saddened, other kindred regretful and in tears, all paying the awed respect due that frequent, yet terrible visitor, — Death. But only in the heart of that grieving mother bending above the tiny coffin, can the full meaning of woe be read. She knows her baby is dead, the little blossom who has lain upon her bosom, who came amid her toils, bringing, O such immeasurable love and hope in its coming, as to brighten the wide horizon of life, and make her willing to take up again her caresome burdens. Her baby is dead! Ah yes! She knows all this preparation is to take it from her. Her own hands lovingly robed it in its dainty dress, knotted the bit of ribbon in the little sleeve, and then, with tender touching fingers, laid the frail, fragrant posies about the

pillow, and with a numb pain at her heart, left her precious one in the cold room, — her precious one, who has never before slept from the warm shelter of her breast.

Days go on, — friends and kindred forget, even the father remembers only with a sigh, but the mother grieves more and more. In the long lone night, how often she starts from her pillow, and gropes for her baby, only to sink back in tears of remembrance and regret. How often through the day, she listens for the cry, and turns to the familiar couch, almost expecting to meet her darling's wistful eyes, that had learned to know her face from all other faces, and brighten at the sound of her voice. She listens to the well-meant common-places that the baby was better off. She feels it is the truth, but it does not reconcile her to her loss. She knows the baby is cradled in angel arms, yet her own yearn to clasp it to her aching heart. She is sure the little one has escaped the taint of earth's vexations, and the unsoiled soul will receive its first lessons in the school of the blessed, yet her sorrowing mother-heart refuses to be comforted. Ah yes! it is only a baby's funeral, — yet the purest, most unselfish instincts of womanhood are buried in that little coffin, and the heart of the mother will only cease to grieve, when the grave, closing on this world, opens the portals of another, and her baby grown in stature, undefiled, welcomes her to the court of Heaven.

*Edith Aiken.*

## Two Ways of Driving Oxen.

So susceptible to gentlenesss and the contrary are the animals, that you may infer from their behavior the tempers of their owners.

Our neighbor, Mr. Nettles, for instance, was a fractious, fretful man; and the behavior of his beasts was answerable to this. The gentlest and best broken horse in the world was sure to be spoiled in his hands. So were oxen. He came one day to the foot of a hill with a load of wood. The oxen were doing well enough; but, as they began to ascend, he must needs begin to whip and bawl to keep them a-going. This disheartened and confused them. They stopped, and settled back. And now, smarting under the lash, and whisking their tails, they would give, first one and then another, a jerk, no two of them drawing together.

"What does ail the cattle?" said Mr. Nettles, and began to whip and bawl again with vigor.

The effect of this was to make the forward yoke swing round on the off side against the hind ones. Being met there with the butt of the whip on their noses, they went round the other way. Meeting with like treatment there, they swung back again. They were all in confusion, "heads and points." One poor beast would lift his nose as high as he could to avoid the thwacks that menaced it, while another would drop his between his feet, and another would whisk his tail and make a deprecating moan.

At this juncture my grandfather happened to come along.

"What's the matter, Mr. Nettles? can't they draw it up?"

"Can't? They wont, and wouldn't if I threw off half of it. I never did see creeturs act as they do."

"Suppose you let me try 'em," said my grandfather. "I think they'll take it up easily enough."

Getting down from his horse, he passed round the team, patted each ox, spoke to them in kind and cheery tones, and by a little pushing at their hips, — for they were standing all ways, — got them straight and right for a united pull.

"Not yet," he said to their fretful and fretted owner. "Not yet, there is too much white in their eyes for a good start yet;" and then, waiting until they had become quite calm and reassured, he took the whip from Mr. Nettle's hand, to prevent his using it, not to use it himself, and in a tone of gentle, but decided authority, said, "Come, now, come, — all together, — go along."

And they went, steadily and bravely, quite up the steep, their volunteer driver keeping along with them, and their owner following.

Arriving at the top, my grandfather said, "Let them stand and breathe a little now, they have done their duty very well;" and handing the whip to their owner, he passed round and patted them again.

"How strangely they behave!" said Mr. Nettles. Did anybody ever see such cattle?"

VIOLETS do not open once a day, and let out their little prayer of perfume. They exhale all the while, at some times more than others, but always more or less.

SPEAK gently, little folks, for a kind *no* is often more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

For the Myrtle.

## Dick's Method with Dogs.

THE readers of the MYRTLE may remember the history of Dick, a well-beloved cat, that we gave them a few months ago. But we did not tell them as much as might have been told, about her fashion of dealing with dogs. And that is certainly worth a place among anecdotes of cats.

The first dog with which Dick had to do was Ring, a pup that belonged to the next house, and had been almost as much at home in our house as his master's. Dick was only a kitten when she appeared on the scene, and Ring was disposed to take no notice of her presence. Whether it was her resentment of this, or her hatred of dogs in general, no sooner did she feel at home than she began her warfare on him. She would lie in wait for him at the door, and as soon as he reached the doorstep she would make a sudden spring, and land somewhere about his ears and shoulders. There would be an instant's spitting, sputtering and howling, — Dick safe on Ring's back, out of his reach, and making his fur fly with every scratch of her swift claws. The result would be Ring's running for dear life until he was out of the dooryard, into the other house, and under the lounge or bed. Then Dick would come quietly back to her perch on the door-mat, and wash her face.

When the peddler appeared with his big dog the scene was much the same. We were all clustered around the peddler looking at the wonderful things in the two tin trunks, when a low growling came from the hearth, then a sharp barking and spitting that sent us skurrying in fright to the farthest corner of the room. Quicker than it takes to write it, Dick was seen in the air, and made her famous pounce between the dog's shoulders. She knew by instinct the enemy's weak place, and where to be out of reach of his guns. After much pawing and whirling about and shaking, all without dislodging Dick, the dog did the only thing left for him to do. He made a leap through the window, carrying away the whole sash and making the glass rattle as he went; and the cat went after him.

"Watch" Brown, as we used to call him, was the terror of the neighborhood to us. His crossness and his fierce barking, used to cause us to take a wide sweep around the dooryard whenever we went by Mr. Brown's. And Watch was a great enemy and terror to cats, as well as to us. How it would fare with Dick when he fell into his hands, or rather his teeth, we did not

dare to think. We dreaded the encounter, but we knew it would come.

They became acquainted soon enough. In fact Watch did not need to come down to the house to commence his pastime of worrying the new-comer. She met him fully half-way. Finding her out on a mouse-hunting excursion one day he made a slight show of bristling and barking, as if he only intended to frighten her home or drive her up a tree as was his manner with her tribe. Busy at our ball-game we heard the battle and started for the rescue; but Dick needed no help. For the first time in his life, probably, Watch beheld a cat turn and face him. With back erect and swollen tail Dick glared an instant; then came the execution of her famous strategy. A well-aimed leap, a descent on the spotted shoulders, and Watch was at her mercy. He could only whirl and run howling towards home, carrying Dick on his back half the way.

Watch did not trouble the premises for long after this; and as for Ring, it was long after Dick was dead, before he could be coaxed inside the door.

There ought to be a moral to this story, but I think we found comfort enough in the thing itself. If we drew any lesson from it for ourselves it was doubtless this: Whatever you have to do, take your work at the best advantage.

*H. A. B*

For the Myrtle

## The Pilot.

AT this season of the year we hear a great deal about the "thousand isles" of the St. Lawrence, and the beautiful scenery all along that noble river. The great steamboats are thronged with summer tourists, who find the cool Canada breezes as delightful as the fine scenery.

If we have seen the river only at one or two points, as at Ogdensburg or Montreal, we shall very likely think it furnishes as broad and smooth sailing as a lake; for it looks as broad as the Mississippi and as peaceful,

But this is not the case all the way. There are very deep and dangerous rapids in some places, where the river pours over and among the rocks in a very torrent. A canal is built around the rapids at one place, where they are so swift and steep as to make it impossible for a

steamboat to pass them. In other places the steamers "shoot" the rapids. But there is always danger in it.

A teacher in one of our St. Louis schools who has just come east by way of the St. Lawrence, has told us her feelings in passing these dangerous rapids. No captain dares take his own steamer through them, but at each place a pilot comes aboard, who understands every rock, and turn of the waters. Often the pilot is an Indian. In every case each makes it his sole business to guide boats through a single rapid.

Our friend said, that they would know when they were nearing the rapids by seeing a boat put off from shore with the pilot in it. Then all the passengers became excited. They gathered on deck and watched now the pilot with his Indian-like silence and his keen eyes, now the boat careering down the swift waves. Here she would dodge snags and there rocks, now she would tip down, then up, she would turn from one side of the river to the other, all the time shooting forward at a fearful speed. It was as good as a race. No one thought much of danger till the danger was over; so great was the excitement.

"It must be a fearful sensation to have," we said.

"No," said our friend, "because we put so much faith in the pilot. He knows the way so much better than we do, and is so certain he will take us through safely, that we rest it all with him and just see it done."

Then we thought how like this is to the rapids and rocks in the great river of human life. They lie all along the course, and how often we should make shipwreck if we tried to guide ourselves through alone. Some better pilot is necessary; who knows the dangers and has power to avoid them. Such a Pilot, — the heavenly Pilot, — each life may have if it will. *H. A. B.*

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A PHYSICIAN was walking along a road in the country one day. He met an old man who had a large bottle of whiskey sticking out of his coat-pocket.

"Is this the way to the poor-house, sir?" the old man asked, pointing in the direction in which he was walking.

"No, sir, answered the physician, "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey. That doctor was both witty and wise.

## Give the Little Boys a Chance.

HERE we are! don't leave us out,
Just because we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance;
All the world's before you spread. —
Give the little boys a chance!

Never slight us in your play,
You were once as small as we:
We'll be big, like you, some day,
Then perhaps our power you'll see.
We will meet you, when we've grown,
With a brave and fearless glance;
Don't think all this world's your own,
Give the little boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that they must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When these early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small,
On our toes you needn't dance:
There is room enough for all, —
Give the little boys a chance!

*Christian Union.*

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## One Way to Stop Crying.

Mrs. Diaz tells a comical story of two twins who looked so much alike that the neighbors could not tell which was Jimmy and which was Johnny, and so called them the "Jimmy-Johns." And this is the account of one of their "ways."

When the Jimmies were little toddling things, just beginning to walk, they were constantly falling down, tipping over in their cradle, and bumping their heads together; and Mrs. Plummer found that the best way to stop crying at such times, was to turn it into *kissing*. The reason of this is very plain. In crying the mouth flies open; in kissing it shuts. Mrs. Plummer was a wonderful woman. She found out that shutting the mouth would stop its crying, and to stop the mouth, she contrived that pretty kissing plan, and at the first sound of "bump," would catch up the little toddlers, put their arms around each other's necks, and say, "Kiss Johnny, Jimmy, kiss Jimmy, Johnny." It was enough to make anybody laugh to see them, in the midst of a crying spell, run towards each other, their cheeks still wet with tears, and to see their poor, little, twisted mouths trying to shut up into a kiss!

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ALWAYS seek to do your best in whatever you do.

## Our Sunday Schools.

### MAINE.

—The Maine Sunday School Convention will hold its annual session at Bath, September 30 and October 1.

—The Sunday School at Belfast has been bereaved in the death of Millie A. Lathrop, aged 12 years. The *Banner* says of her: "Millie was a beautiful girl, and had many warm friends in life. She was a constant attendant at our Sunday School, and the school mourns her loss. In the morning of life, with bright hopes before her, and warm hearts about her, she has suddenly departed to join the loved ones who have gone before. May the comforter of the mourner fill the place made vacant by her departure, and the blessing of the Father rest upon this chastened and bereaved family."

—At the recent re-dedication of the church in Livermore, where Dr. Chapin preached and Annie Louise Cary sung, a special service was held at 6 P. M. for the dedication of children. The church was already beautifully decorated for the dedication, and eight children were brought to unite their consecration with that of the church. The exercises consisted of a voluntary by the choir; prayer by Rev H. C. Leonard; solo by Miss Cary; address by Rev. W. E Gibbs; consecration and baptism of children by Rev Dr. Chapin; Hymn; remarks by Dr Chapin and Rev. G. W. Quinby, concluded with solo by Miss Cary and benediction.

### CONNECTICUT.

—We commended last week the Second Universalist Sunday School of Chicago for keeping open doors while the church is closed. The same thing happens at Meriden The church is closed through the entire month of August, the pastor spending his vacation at the Penikese School of natural history. But the Sunday School continues its sessions as usual.

### NEW YORK.

—At Clarendon Children's Sunday was celebrated July 19. The pulpit was handsomely decorated with flowers. The exercises consisted of recitations by the pupils and teachers, and an address by the pastor. Four adults were admitted to membership.

—The members of the Society and Sunday School of the Universalist church at Macedon held their annual picnic on Wednesday, July 22, at Chestnut Grove, on the shore of Sodus Bay. About 258 persons were present on the occasion, being the largest company that ever left this place for such a purpose. Through the liberality of Mr. Lyman Bickford, their Superintendent, the members of the Sunday School enjoyed themselves in different ways, rambling about the grounds, boating upon the bay, etc., and after partaking of the good things with which the tables were loaded, who chose to, enjoyed the pleasure of a delightful sail on a pleasure steamer chartered for the occasion, among the islands in Sodus Bay and on Lake Ontario. The whole affair passed off pleasantly, without an accident or any unpleasant occurrence to mar the festivities, and all returned to their homes safe and well-pleased with the day's entertainment.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

—The Universalist Sunday School of Pittsburg held its annual picnic on the 16th of July, in a grove some twelve miles distant. The day was delightful, the scenery romantic, the grove lovely, the attendance large, and the refreshments all that could be desired. It was truly a joyous and happy reunion and was in every respect a grand success. The net proceeds in cash were $309 79

—The Sunday School at Speedsville held a floral concert August 2 the exercises consisting of addresses, singing and recitations. It was esteemed a great success.

—At Hopbottom four young ladies from the Sunday School were recently admitted to the church. The school is prosperous.

### MICHIGAN.

—Rev. Dr. Fisk writes to the *Covenant* from Grand Rapids: "Thursday, July 23d, was a joyful day for our Sunday Schools and churches in Grand Rapids and Muskegon. By arrangements very perfectly made and carried out, excursions from each met at Fruitport in a grand picnic. Fruitport is one of the most delightful of popular pleasure and health resorts in Michigan, located at the head of Spring Lake. Over four hundred children and adults from Grand Rapids, and as many from Muskegon, Whitehall, Spring Lake and Grand Haven made up a picnic on a grand scale. The Methodist school of Spring Lake joined us and gave much pleasure to all hearts by the evidences of Christian fraternity on their part and the sure responses returned. At the first grove where tables were spread for the multitude, we had the woods soon echoing to the songs of the schools, and speeches from the Rev M. Reed, (Methodist), Rev J. Straub and the writer. Then after dinner the afternoon passed in visiting, boating, sports of various kinds, and a most happy extension of acquaintances among the brethren of the various localities represented. It was a day long to be remembered, and was specially of service to our cause in uniting more intimately our Muskegan and Grand Rapids churches."

## Preserve the Myrtles.

The following letter from our good Bro. Griffin of West Florida sets forth this subject so well, among others of interest, that we give it entire, as received.

"PUBLISHER MYRTLE:—Enclosed please find the subscription of Mary M. A. Cawthorn. She is a bright little Sunday school scholar, and thinks very highly of the MYRTLE Like many other children, though, she is not careful enough, I apprehend of her numbers of so valuable a Sunday School journal, as I every now and then see her papers on the floor. It is a pity for subscribers to such valuable papers, not to preserve carefully every number. What a beautiful and useful volume a full set of MYRTLES would make! Cannot the worthy editor of the MYRTLE urge upon Sunday School children the importance of preserving and binding up *all* their copies of so excellent a journal?

We are using in the Sunday School of the First Universalist Church of West Florida, the "Sunday School Assistant," by Rev. W R. French,—a most valuable work,—the "Key to the Young Heart," "Guide to Salvation," both by Rev. L. J. Fletcher, and "Christian Catechism," by Rev. W. R. French, have been used in our school, and have proved most valuable and instructive. Subsidiary to the *Liber Primus* of all Universalists,—the Holy Bible—these Scriptural works have been a rich blessing to our schools. Where properly studied, they cannot fail of inducing in the young mind, a life-long fondness for the Holy Scriptures. Most truly and fraternally

*J. L. C. Griffin.*

## The Ruler's Daughter.

MARK v. 35-43.

It will be remembered that Jesus was on his way with a great crowd, to the house of Jairus, when the sick woman was healed by her faith in him. While they lingered in the place where they were stopped by this event, the servants of the ruler met him and bade him "trouble the master no further," for it was too late. The child was dead. The greatest physician would be in vain now, for she had passed beyond the reach of his skill.

They knew that Jesus was a great Physician, but they did not know that *all* power was given to him of his Father. They had something more to learn of him. His tender compassion, which had so lately been moved by the suffering woman, now turned to the stricken father, and he said to him assuredly, as he still went on "Fear not; only believe." Had not the ruler good reason to believe, after what he had seen?

When they reached the ruler's house the sad news was confirmed. They "saw the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly." The customs of the east in regard to death are very different from ours. Here, in the house where one has just died there is stillness and peace. Even grief is as hushed as possible and all is silent in the presence of death. But there minstrels and wailers made a great noise. They played dirges with flutes, and chanted the praises of the dead and wailed their laments sometimes for days. Musicians were sometimes hired for this purpose, and that was probably done in this case on account of the high position of the father, as a director of the tabernacle worship, and a member of the council of elders.

Into this tumult Jesus came, and rebuked it. "Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Then he sent them all away and went into the inner room with only the father and the mother. Did they believe, or even hope that he could do anything more than to go with them and look upon the dead face of their dear child? We know not. He had called death a sleep, — that must have been a strange word to them. Perhaps they had not even thought that their daughter's spirit could still be alive, after she had ceased to breathe. For them her life had gone forever. In saying that she was not dead but only slept, Jesus gave them the Christian idea of death; and see how true it is! When the body is asleep, the mind is not sleeping with it, but is awake and active; in dreams it travels far, and busies itself with wonderful things. Waking only brings the mind back from its wanderings, to the time and place where the sleeper has been all the time lying. So in death the mind dies not with the body, but goes away on some higher life of its own while the body sleeps below. Only it comes not back again, unless as in this case the same divine power that takes it away, calls it back to the body again, and wakes the sleeper to the old life of earth.

This was what Jesus resolved to do as he bent above the dead child. It was not for the child's sake, we may believe, for the life of heaven must have been better for her than that of earth. It was his pity for the mourning father and mother, and his desire that they should believe in him that moved his heart.

For we may believe his heart was deeply moved. He who took little children in arms and blessed them, could not look unmoved on this little girl, wasted by sickness and suffering, lying dead in the sight of her father and mother. When he spoke it was in the common language of the people, — the simple language that all speak when they are touched with deep feeling. Very tenderly he must have taken her by the hand, as he spoke the words that meant "Maiden, arise!"

Did the cold hands feel? did the dead ears hear the voice? The wondering father and mother saw their darling stir as if from sleep, saw her opening eyes, saw her rise from her couch, clasped her in their arms, gave her food, and realized that she who had seemed to be dead was again alive and well.

Imagine the minstrels and mourners summoned back to see this little maiden for whom they had been wailing, blithe and happy and strong, as if sickness or death had never come near her! It would have been strange if the fame of Jesus had not "gone abroad through all that region."

Will not he who did this great work do still greater things in the world where he is gone? No fear of death or of anything that lies beyond death ought to shut from our ears that tender voice which is still saying to every heart "Fear not, only believe."

## Enigma.

1. The plain on which Nebuchadnezzar set up his golden image.

2. A judge of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty nephews.

3. A grandson of Joseph.

4. A captain of Saul's host, who said, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

5. The original name of "Jerusalem."

6. An idol worshipped by the Israelites in the wilderness.

7. The name of a river on the banks of which Daniel dreamed he had a vision.

8. A city which Ezekiel calls "the strength of Egypt."

The initials of these names form the name of the oldest city in the world. — *S. S. Visitor.*


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